

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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[PRICE 2d.]

Milford Haven.



MILFORD HAVEN, of which our engraving presents a good view, is the finest harbour in Great Britain—perhaps in Europe, and is capable of holding the whole British navy. It is situated in Pembroke-shire, in South Wales, and lies on the north-side of the British Channel. It is formed by an advance of the sea into the land, a distance of upwards of ten miles, and has the appearance of an immense lake. It has sixteen deep and safe creeks, five bays, and thirteen roads, all distinguished by their several names. The spring tide rises thirty-six feet, so that ships may, at any time, be laid a-shore; and the harbour is so safe and deep, that there is no danger of going in or out with the tide, or almost against any wind. If a ship comes in without a cable or anchor, she may run a-shore on the ooze, and there lie safe till she is refitted, and in an hour's time she may get out of the harbour into the open sea.

Another and a great convenience of this harbour is, that in an hour's time a ship may be in or out of it, and in the way between the Land's End and Ireland. As it lies near the mouth of the Severn, a ship, in eight or ten hours, may be over

on the coast of Ireland, or off the Land's End, in the English Channel; and a vessel may get out here, westward, much sooner than from either Plymouth or Falmouth.

The Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., landed at Milford Haven, when he came to wrest the crown from the head of Richard III. It has always been considered a harbour of great importance, and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, previous to the threatened invasion by the boasted invincible Armada, two forts were begun at its entrance. Of late years, Parliament has been very liberal in voting considerable sums of money for improving this harbour, which naturally possesses such decided advantages over almost every other port.

The town of Milford, situated on the north shore of the Haven, was founded by Act of Parliament, in 1790, in consequence of the importance of Milford Haven to the shipping interests. It is already a place of great resort; and among the inhabitants are a company of quakers from Nantucket, in the United States, who have erected a quay, and formed an establishment for the southern whale fishery.

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

ALL our associations with May are delightful. It is the time of congratulation and hope. We rejoice that the winter has passed away, and we see summer approach towards us with his softest glance and most buoyant step: we forget the festivities of Christmas, and the sultry breath of June, and only recollect that bitter frosts and dark days are the companions of the one, and that the other has bright colours and the richest odours, and sunset lights and evening winds, to make us happy.

The first of May was a day pleasant to gods and men. It shone as welcome on Olympus as on Rome, and in the vallies of Tivoli. We have high intimation that Aurora was a patroness of the day, or, at any rate, that she mingled in the revelry. Who, when he hears of

*Zephyr with Aurora playing,
When he met her once a Maying.*

can hesitate to admit into the calendar of his holidays the one which was observed by such bright and airy deities?

Maia (May) is traced by some to the word *Majores*, and is said to have been adopted by Romulus out of respect to his senators, who were called *majores*. We prefer the pleasanter derivation, and acknowledge rather its origin in the starry Maia, one of the Pleiades, and mother of the feather-footed Hermes.

The Romans, who generally showed a great share of animal propensity in their amusements, observed May-day with but unseemly rites; they exhibited loose sports and extravagant postures, to stimulate the degraded appetite of Rome, in the same spirit that they administered to their own pampered vanity, by proclaiming all the world barbarians except themselves. These sports were acted in honour, as it was pleasantly called, of the goddess Flora, who (ousting Pomona from her golden seat) was worshipped as the deity of fruits and flowers.

Floribus et fructibus præ-erat.

The ancients esteemed the month of May unfavourable, while the moderns deem it favourable, to love. Shakspeare, who may be considered as the best authority on points of this sort, speaks of

Love, whose month is ever May.

For ourselves, we are of the modern faction; and while we think that glimpses from the young-eyed god might make bright even the fogs of November, yet when he shakes his wings "with roarle May-dews wet," and comes down upon us like a shape from heaven, not even Sir Piercie Shafton himself that ingeniously tedious enphuist, may contend with him.

This is but a strange comparison, especially as we confess our admiration of that romantic personage extends scarcely beyond his slashed doublet and collar of gems, and by no means carries us to the end of his speeches. Yet are we constrained to consider Sir Piercie as a favoured specimen of his kind; for we have seen some of the brightest eyes, that we know, glisten, though they were previously placid, and very sweet lips smile, at the passing mention of his name. We have felt that this was rather hard upon us, and our serious endeavours at liveliness; though the Elizabethan knight is certainly a sort of privileged person, and has written authority to rise with "mortal gashes" on his head, and to push men of this plain-spoken age from our stools, with as little ceremony as he used towards the honest family of Glendinning.

But to quit Cupid and Sir Piercie Shafton for our subject, from which we have been beguiled by the latter worthy, let us now say a word or two about our ancestors. They had better notions of May than the Romans, and observed it with as gay but more decorous rites. Although the processions and dances of the morning might degenerate into too free a carousal at night, yet the more objectionable parts of the sports were never, we believe, preconcerted: it is true, indeed, that good cheer was not wanting during the day; but it was not until evening that the bonfires were lighted, and the actual revelry commenced. At Rome, vice formed a striking and essential part of the day's festivity; in England it was either unfrequent or fortuitous; it was nourished with potent dew, and sprung up like an exhalation at the close of the day, when the spirit of gaiety began to languish.

May-day was celebrated as was fitting, by the young. They rose shortly after midnight, and went to some neighbouring wood, attended by songs and music, and breaking green branches from the trees, adorned them with wreaths and crowns of flowers. They returned home at the rising of the sun, and made their windows and their doors gay with garlands. In the villages they danced during the day around the May-pole, which afterwards remained during the whole year untouched, except by the seasons, a faded emblem and a consecrated offering to the goddess of flowers. At night the villagers lighted up fires, and indulged in revellings, which sometimes were "after the high Roman fashion," and might, indeed, have vied with those religious festivities with which the "true believers" are still accustomed to reward themselves, for their pious abstinence during the fasts of Rhamazan.

ORIGIN OF THE TERMS WHIG
AND TORY.

(For the Mirror.)

"THIS year (says Hume, History of England, 1680,) is remarkable for being the epoch of the well-known epithets, of Whig and Tory, by which, and sometimes without any material difference, this island has been so long divided. The court-party reproached their antagonists with their affinity to the fanatical conventicles in Scotland, who were known by the name of the Whigs. The country-party found a resemblance between the courtiers and Popish banditti in Ireland, to whom the appellation of Tory was affixed. And after this manner these foolish terms of reproach came into public and general use; and even at present seem not nearer their end than when they were first invented."

Bailey, in his dictionary, gives the following as the origin:—"Whig (Sax.) whey, butter-milk, or very small beer; also a name first applied to those in Scotland who kept their meetings in the fields, their common food being *sour milk*;" a nick-name given to those who were against the court-interest in the times of King Charles and James, and to such as were for it in succeeding reigns."

With regard to Tory, he tells us that it was a "word first used by the Protestants in Ireland, to signify those Irish common robbers and murderers who stood out-lawed for robbery and murder; now a nick-name to such as call themselves high church-men, or to the partizans of the Chevalier de St. George."

Johnson has—"Whig (Sax.) Whey. The name of a faction; and as for Tory, he supposes it to be derived from an Irish word, signifying a savage. One who adheres to the ancient Constitution of the State, and the apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England—opposed to a Whig."

Torbhee is the Irish appellation for a person who seizes by force, and without the intervention of law, what, whether really so or not, he alleges to be his property.

Daniel Defoe, in his "Review of the British Nation, 1709," thus defines Tory: "The word Tory is Irish, and was first made use of in Ireland, in the time of Elizabeth's wars there. It signified a kind of robber, who, being listed in neither army, preyed in general upon their country, without distinction of English or Irish."

* In many parts of Scotland the term Whig is still commonly applied to a sort of sour liquid, which is obtained from milk or cream.

He then tells us a long story, in which he ascribes the invention of the term to *Titus Oates*. The word Whig, he informs us is *Scotch*, and was in use among the Cameronians, who frequently took up arms in support of their religion. It is said that the Duke of Monmouth, after his return from the battle of Bothwell Bridge (so admirably described in the "Tales of My Landlord") found himself ill-treated by King Charles, for having used the insurgent covenanters so mercifully. Lord Lauderdale is reported to have told Charles, *with an oath*, that the Duke had been so civil to the *Whigs* because he was a *Whig* himself in his heart. This made it a court-word, and in a little time all the friends and followers of the Duke began to be called Whigs.

F. R—Y.

TOM AND HIS FRIENDS;

OR, SEVEN DAYS' WORK.

TOM GOODFELLOW came to his fortune on Sunday,

And Friends came to see him in dozens on Monday!

On Tuesday were with him to dinner and sup;
On Wednesday in honour of Tom, kept it up!
On Thursday his Friends set the dice-box afloat!

On Friday, by some means, Tom lost his last guinea!

And Saturday—Saturday—saw an end of the ninny. UTOPIA.

MORE "MISERIES."

(For the Mirror.)

WALKING in the streets of London, after a heavy rain, adorned with a new pair of inexpressibles just come from your tailor; with your dress-shoes nicely blacked with Warren's best japan; on your way to join an evening party—mistaking (as I once did,) a huge assemblage of mud for a bank of solid earth; stepping into it up to your knees; to your own great annoyance, and the spoliation of your dress-shoes, silk stockings, and dandy inexpressibles.

Riding a mettlesome horse at a review, or on a race-course; which said horse takes fright and runs away with you *à la Gilpin*; thereby exposing you to a shout of derision from all the spectators.

Buying a lottery-ticket, after hesitating a long time in the choice of a number; drawing a blank; and finding that the next number gained the capital prize.

Travelling in a stage-coach on a very hot day, between a cross, fat old gentleman, and a woman with a sick child in her arms; the opposite side being occupied by a couple of ill-tempered old

maids, and a large poodle dog. After the first stage, you get out in high dudgeon, resolving to endure this complication of miseries no longer; but find that you have no alternative but to resume your original position, or accept the only vacant seat on the outside; the rest being filled with drunken sailors, and school-boys going home for the Midsummer holidays.

Going rather late to one of the theatres, and finding the pit full—forced very reluctantly to pay the additional sum of three shillings and six-pence for a seat in the boxes, which are likewise full, or engaged—obliged at last to occupy the very worst seat in the second circle.

Coming out of the country on purpose to sell out stock—arriving at the Bank, and finding that you have come on a red-letter-day.

Going with a party of pleasure on the water; while in the act of handing a lady into the boat, your foot slips, and you tumble in up to your neck, dragging the affrighted fair-one after you.

In the interval between the dances at an assembly, while entertaining your partner (who, from your appearance and address, mistakes you for an officer,) with various fictitious incidents relative to the battle of Waterloo, &c.; to be accosted by a brother shopman, who inquires after your friends in Tooley-street, and asks whether huckabacks are cheaper than they were.

Dreaming that you have suddenly acquired a large fortune; stretching out your hand to grasp the welcome booty; waking, and finding nothing in your fist but the bed-post.

The last misery, though one to which I hope on the present occasion I shall not be subjected, is sending an article to the *MIRROR* and having it rejected.

C. J. D.

PROVIDENTIAL CARE.

(For the Mirror.)

GATESBY says, "The sea-tortoises, or turtles, never go on-shore but to lay their eggs, which they do in April: they then crawl up from the sea above the flowing of high water, and dig a hole above two feet deep in the sand, into which they drop, in one night, above a hundred eggs, at which time they are so intent on Nature's work, that they regard none that approach them; but will drop their eggs into a hat if held under them; but if they are disturbed before they begin to lay, they will forsake the place, and seek another. They lay their eggs at three, and sometimes at four, different times; there being four-

teen days between each time; so that they hatch and creep from their holes into the sea at different times also. When they have laid the complement of eggs, they fill the hole with sand, and leave them to be hatched by the heat of the sun, which is usually performed in about three weeks. It may be proper to add, that the eggs are about the size of tennis-balls—round, white, and covered with a smooth parchment, like skin."

P. T. W.

EMIGRATION OF THE STORK.

"The Stork in the Heavens knoweth her appointed times."

NATURALISTS have been much puzzled in assigning the winter abode of Storks. Many authors suppose that they go to the Nile in this season, in quest of food; to which purpose, Dr. Shaw observes, that in the middle of April he saw three flights of these birds, each of which took up more than three hours in passing by him extending itself more than half a mile in breadth. These, he says, were then leaving Egypt, where the canals and the ponds, that are annually left by the Nile, were become dry, and directing themselves towards the north-east. They return again a little after the autumnal equinox, when the waters of the Nile returning within the banks, leave the country in a fit state to supply them with nourishment. It is observed, that for the space of about a fortnight before they pass from one country into another, they constantly resort together from all the circumjacent parts in a certain plain, and there forming themselves every day into a *dou-leanne* (according to the phrase of the people), are said to determine the exact time of their departure, and the places of their future abodes:—

"Who bid the Stork, Columbus-like, explore,
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown
before?
Who calls the council, states the certain days,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the
ways."
POPE.

Though they are very silent at other times, on this occasion they make a singular clattering noise with their bills, and all seems bustle and consultation. It is said, that the first north wind is the signal for their departure, when the whole body becomes silent, and move at once, generally in the night; and, taking an extensive spiral course, they are soon lost in the air, when

"Each, with out-stretch'd neck, his rank maintains,
In marshal'd order through the ethereal void."

P. T. W.

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF LORD BYRON.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON, IN GREECE.

His sleeps in the land of his earliest dream,
In the scene of his brightest story;
The language that kindled his patriot flame
Has chanted the dirge of his glory!

And the sons of the heroes of ancient days,
O'er the grave of their brother are mourning;
For he came to their succour, he came for their
praise,

Like the might of their fathers returning.
Oh, his was a spirit, great, gloomy, and dread,
Where Hector and Homer were blended;
For the cloud of the grave round his brightness
was spread,
When the flash of his thunder descended.

He haunted the patriot's earliest tomb,
And sung like an orphan his sadness;
For vainly he look'd o'er the valleys of gloom,
For the heirs of that freedom and gladness!

He has hallow'd their cause, it has hallow'd his
name,
Their fame is embalm'd with his glory;
E'en the Turk, while he bleeds on his pages
with shame,
Immortally lives in their story.

But Britain must mourn with a deeper distress,
And silent and lonely her weeping;
For who can reply with a soothing address,
Like the song of the bard that is sleeping?

Oh, then, let the light of his pages be sought,
Let her breathe in his language her sorrow;
She cannot be wrung with one anguishing
thought,

But there she its language may borrow.

The course of his spirit was awfully high,
Among the dread regions of thunder;
It flash'd through the deep and it flamed
through the sky,—
It burst every trammel asunder!

He looked on the world,—it was splendour or
gloom,
All midnight or noon, in his mirror:—
He search'd heaven and earth, and he rent
every tomb,

For the stories of rapture and terror.

Yet think not the soft harp of passion unstrung,
In sympathy, sadness, or pleasure;
Like the syren he wept—like the syren he sung,
With a magical sweetness of measure.

The gloom and the tempest would pass from
the sphere,
And the landscape bloom lovely and tender;
His genius would beam in the dew of a tear,
Or rise from the ocean in splendour.

But he reits in the chilly embraces of death,
And his soul to its home is taken;
The angel has hush'd the wild strain of his
breath,
And who shall its slumbers awaken!

Thus far thrills the harp with a pensive regret,
As it tells of its master departed;
But dark with despair for the spirit that's set,
Is the land of the cross broken-hearted!

For, oh! that his tears with his song could
cease,
That all was an hale of brightness:
But, ah! he too little has courted that peace,
For he thought on his MARKS with lightness.

2 A 3

He has waked into life,—doubt and hope are no
more,—

He has look'd on eternity's pages:
All is awfully true that was fancy before,
And fate lifts the curtain of ages.

There is one who will ask of his talents their
gain,

And judge without error his merits:
Then he who was first in the orders of men,
Maybe last in the kingdom of spirits!
Shrewsbury, May 18, 1824. C. A. H. LITERARY CHRONICLE.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

LET Britain's muse, in deepest gloom array'd,
Now seek the shore where cold in death is laid
Her proudest boast—the bard whom fate de-
sign'd

With Shakspeare's self to share the human
mind;

To stand the foremost on the roll of fame,
And dignify his country by his name.

Alas! while yet the force of genius fir'd,
While purest zeal to noblest deeds aspir'd—

While hope still promis'd fruits of glorious toil
From patriot conquests on a classic soil—

Has Byron sunk! e'en at the very hour
When manhood's prime discloses all its pow'r.

Not Britain only shall his fate deplore,
But ev'ry land where genius loves to soar:

Where souls can feel the full impassion'd glow
Of strains that from the fount of feeling flow.

Yet most of all shall one fair region mourn,
And grace with tears his lone distinctive urn:

That region where immortal heroes woke
A patriot race to break the tyrant's yoke—

Where freemen bade proud Persia's legions
trace

At ev'ry step their ruin and disgrace:
Where poetry first tun'd the "living lyre,"

To charm the fancy and the soul inspire;
Where first she led within her sacred shrine

Mæonides in ecstasy divine,
And taught the world to wonder at his lay.

While raptur'd Greece confess'd the poet's sway.
Ah! yes, that land shall feel in bitter woe

So unexpected, so severe a blow;
And in her conflict with the Moslem host,

Bewail her greatest, best supporter lost,
A noble impulse urg'd his ardent soul—

An impulse which no dangers could control,
The cause of Greece to succour and sustain,

To free her from the Saracen's domain,
To crush the crescent, and erect instead

Fair freedom's standard, wheresoe'er he led.
But wayward fortune will'd an adverse doom,

And now consigns him to an early tomb;
Yet shall the laurel, mingled with the bay,

Bloom o'er his grave till time's remotest day.
Who shall presume to criticise, or scan,

The faults or failings of so great a man?
The eye may trace the phases of the moon—

What eye can dare the solar disk at noon?
Morning Herald.

ON READING THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

Who can refrain a dewy tear to shed,
To see great Byron 'midst the silent dead?

In Grecian bands he took a manly part,
And when he died, they cried,—Give us his

heart,
In manhood's prime he clos'd his bold career,
Friend to the Muse, and to Freedom dear;

O, may his noble spirit hence be flown,
To enjoy unnumber'd bliss, on earth unknown.

His brilliant genius, and his patriot soul,
Are priz'd in British and in Grecian soil.

And may his magnanimity and zeal
Inspire each Greek with love of country's weal.
I would an all-wise Deity implore
To aid the Greeks, though Byron be no more.
Southampton Chronicle. J. D. B.

The following Extract from a Letter written by a Schoolfellow of Lord Byron, contains some interesting recollections of his early life:—

"I AM almost alarmed when I think how many years ago it is since I was sent, a little urchin, to improve my morals and accomplishments at Harrow School. There were then, in that commonwealth of letters, about three hundred sturdy fellows who had roughed the accidents of a public school, and were for the most part diligently pursuing the cause of cricket and football, as a relief to the minor occupations of the classics. Some of these boys have since acquired some reputation as men. There was, first, Lord Hardwicke's son (the late Lord Royston,) who was drowned, to the sorrow of his friends, who augured very highly of him. There was the late Duke of Dorset, (a delicate boy,) the present Duke of Devonshire, and a host of Lords beside. Mr. Peel, the now Under-secretary of State, (who even then excited great hope,) and his secretary, the Hon. George Dawson, and his brother Lionel; some of the Drurys, who are now, I believe, masters there; Procter, who has since written verses under another name, as you know; and above all the celebrated George Gordon, Lord Byron. I remember the first (Royston) when he gained so much applause by his recitation of the famous speech of Antony; and Dawson, a proud-spirited boy, who reminded me of his youth the other day, when he opposed the encroachments of the clergy at Derry, and his bold and smiling brother Lionel; and Peel, clever and cynical, who made for me a copy of *Alcaics*, by which I gained a prize, the last line of one stanza being

"Deserit horridi barathrum,"

which is all I remember of the matter. In regard to the last mentioned, and the most renowned of these Harrow boys, *he*, though he was lame, was a great lover of sports, preferred hockey to Horace, relinquished even Helicon for 'duck-puddle,' and gave up the best poet that ever wrote hard Latin for a game of cricket on 'the common.' He was not remarkable (nor was he ever) for his learning; but he was always a clever, plain-spoken and undaunted boy. I have seen him fight by the hour like a Trojan, and stand up against the disadvantages of his lameness with all the spirit of an ancient combatant. 'Don't you remember your battle

with Pitt?' said I to him in a letter, (for I had witnessed it;) but it seems that he had forgotten it. 'You are mistaken, I think, (said he in reply;) it must have been with Rice-pudding Morgan, or Lord Jocelyn, or one of the Douglasses, or George Raynsford, or Pryce (with whom I had two conflicts,) or with Moses Moore (the *clod*), or with somebody else, and not with Pitt; for with all the above-named, and other worthies of the fist, had I an interchange of black eyes and bloody noses, at various and sundry periods. However, it may have happened, for all that."

LORD BYRON'S OPINION OF THE DRAMA.

"THE characters in a play are *never* the characters of life. It is impossible that they should be, for, after all, who will assert that he is capable of judging *exactly*, still less of drawing that of the nearest friend whom he sees daily. All characters on paper must be delineated with much of the author's perceptions rather than the truth. Historical characters are again doubly-distilled fiction,—the lie of the historian, and the lie of the poet. The drama of every writer must be from his own imagination; his *own mind* must be the *glass* of the telescope, and if that is dim or cracked, the objects seen through it will be distorted accordingly. But I am such a heretic upon the English Drama, that I shall merely bewilder without explaining my schism. I look upon Congreve (whom you mention) to have drawn comic characters superior to the other you mention;* and that the charge against him of having too much *wit*, is like that against Pope of having too much *harmony*. There can *never* be too much of that which is Intellect, or of that which is Beauty."

* Shakspeare.

Lit. Gas.

THE VILLAGE MAIDEN.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The peculiar species of blank verse which I now present you with, might warrant in its defence a greater share of time and paper than I can afford for it, and as from your general selection I am well convinced, that as you neither think the presence of rhyme alone the soul of poetry, so neither will you, I trust, deny the absence of it as excluding poetic ideas. I may, at some future period, not improbably give you a short essay, with examples, on the subject; however, laying this argument aside, I hope the novelty (and

novelty generally attracts) of it will prove an excuse for its insertion in the *MIRROR*, though I should feel sorry if it should give rise to any unfavourable "reflections."—Yours, &c.

ALPHEUS.

Tell me, fair maiden, whither art thou going?
Why trip so fast o'er the dew-besprinkled meadow?

Scarcely yet the sun, in all his orient beauty,
Sifts the mountains.

Grey breaks morn's twilight, herald of the day,
Star;

Mists that have long since veiled in murky darkness
Earth's fairest features, night's celestial curtains,

Draw from the vallies.

There, see him rise, like wrestler from his slumbers,
Fresh and unwearied, all past toils forgetting,

Gaily prepared again to journey onward
Thro' Heaven's blue ether.

Yet 'tis a sight unknown, unseen by many,
But, oh! how rife with glory, pride, and gladness,
When first bright Phœbus from th' expanse of ocean

Slowly resurges!

Glory, and, ah! like Man's, not evanescent
Pride, for it was for man 'twas first created—
Gladness, for who while he gazes on it,
Feels aught but gladness?

And thou, young maiden, fair in rural beauty,
Careless and griefless, self-taught child of nature,

Dost thou not own a gem, all gems surpassing,
Rare and unvalued?

Yes—for thine is the bosom free from anguish—
Free from the cares o'er richer heads that hover—

Free from the grief that oft-times thorns the pillow,

Prest by the titled:—

Oh! 'tis not wealth that shields the heart from silent,
Secret forebodings—calms the brow of anger,

Banishes terror, deep despair, and anguish—
Riches' sad offspring!

Health flies far distant—and can Wealth recall her?

Hope's rays deceive us—Wealth, alas! how useless!

Friendship betrays us—Wealth, how more than futile

All thine endeavours!

No—'tis that pure, that unperverted feeling,
Guileless and guileless,—all to life a stranger,
Life and its follies—then, farewell for ever
Earth's golden idol!

ALPHEUS.

LINES

On being cautioned against losing my heart
at Covent Garden Theatre.

Thou hadst me Cupid's shafts beware,
Nor with fond eyes o'er beauty rove;—
I did—for Cupid smiled not there,
But yet I fell a prey to—Love.

Ibid.

THE RECLUSE OF SARNEN.

SIR,—Should the following narrative, founded on facts, suit the *MIRROR*, you are welcome to insert it.

I am, Sir,

Your's respectfully,

March 10, 1824.

N.

TRAVELLING through the romantic country of Switzerland, I stopped one evening at an ancient monastery of Capuchins, situated on the banks of the river Aa, in the valley of Sarnen, in the canton of Underwald.

I was surprised to find the gates open, and the porter not appearing, I entered the ancient walls, and wandered on till the sound of the solemn chanting of the brotherhood guided me to the chapel, where I arrived in time to witness the funeral of one of the monks. After the mournful rites were closed, I introduced myself to the venerable superiors, who welcomed me with cordial hospitality, and gave me the following short history of the monk, whose obsequies were celebrating when I arrived at the convent:—

"He was an Englishman, about 30 years of age, and had only taken the vows a few months before his decease. After the usual novitiate, during which time, by his courteous and obliging manners and disposition, and his unaffected piety, he had gained the hearts of the whole community. He was a child of misfortune from his birth, at which period he lost his mother; his father married again in a short time, and a son by this latter marriage soon took the precedence of him in his father's affections, and in every thing else. These unfortunate circumstances, as he advanced in years, caused an increase of the melancholy tinge in his disposition, which he inherited from his mother, who was unhappy in her marriage. When at the age of 18, he received strong impressions in favour of the Roman Catholic religion; and on his coming of age, he made known his intentions of renouncing the Protestant Faith, and becoming a priest of the Romish Church. In this, however, he was opposed by his father, and the rest of his family, and after a great struggle was obliged to give up his intentions; but by this opposition his mind became unyielding, and he ran into a course of extravagance of conduct quite contrary to his former deportment; and disappointments in other plans for future life succeeding rapidly on each other, he at last left his country, unknown to his friends.

"After wandering across the continent, with scarcely any support but that of cha-

erty, he found his way to Sarnen, and interested the Holy Fathers so much in his behalf as to be admitted into the fraternity."

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE MORLAND.

A MEMORABLE circumstance occurred to Morland during his retreat to Hackney, for in his retirement here he applied closely to his profession, remained singularly sober, and seemed about to recover that composure and serenity of mind to which he had long been a stranger. All the pictures sent from his easel while at Hackney are very carefully finished; his drawings also evinced a minuteness of attention which was wanting in many others produced under the pressure of immediate necessities. His works, in consequence of this great and obvious improvement, now rose very highly in value; and although, through the craft of picture-dealers, the artist himself derived from his paintings a small part only of the price which they produced, still Morland received such sums of money in his extreme privacy, as produced a suspicion that he was connected with a gang of coiners or forgers! Information was accordingly communicated to the Bank of England, and a party of officers were dispatched to the harmless dwelling of poor Morland, in order to secure the suspected criminal. He had notice of their approach, and having no doubt that they were coming to arrest him for debt, made his escape over the garden-wall, and effected his retreat undiscovered into London. The officers, after rummaging all his boxes, drawers, &c. discovered their error; and the directors, when the affair was represented to them, sent the terrified artist, as an indemnification for the inconvenience he had suffered, a paltry present of twenty guineas. The mischief to Morland, however, was irreparable; the spot which had afforded him an asylum was no longer secure, and the tranquillity he had begun to enjoy was destroyed. He took shelter at a carver and gilder's, in Leaden-hall-street; thence he wandered from place to place in dreadful apprehension of discovery, till he received an invitation from Mr. Lynn, to pass a few weeks with him at his house at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. His retreat was discovered within three days, and he was compelled to fly to Yarmouth, accompanied by a faithful friend, his servant, George Sympeon, where, after having remained in quiet for a few days, he was arrested as a spy by a silly military officer

who commanded in that quarter, but was soon released.

THE CHILD SAVED.

ABOUT the beginning of August, when the best fishing may generally be had in those rivers where the fish run from the sea, I was staying at the pleasant village of ———, in the Western Highlands of Scotland, for the purpose of a few days' amusement. It is now many years since, but a circumstance which then occurred made a deep impression on me.

It had rained incessantly since my arrival; and it is no depreciation of the beauties of the place, when I say I was heartily tired of my quarters. The river was from *bank to brae*,* and quite unfit for fishing; and the rain falling in torrents, would, had it been otherwise, have rendered it impossible. An idle fellow, who lived near the inn, was my only resource; but he was an expert angler, and that was a higher qualification, in the present instance, than if he had been a profound philosopher. I had again and again examined my tackle; every knot was tied, and every loop examined; doubtful pieces of gut rejected, and fresh ones substituted, with the same care and scruple as if I meant to bob for whales. The rain lashed the casements furiously; not a creature moved in the dirty lane; the fowls crowded for shelter to the out-houses, and the cattle, occasionally lowing in their stalls, broke, but did not dispel, that kind of indescribable silence which strikes so heavy on the mind when we feel it amid the haunts of men. At once a noise in the street burst on my ear, and my companion and myself were instantly in the middle of a crowd, now nearly opposite the door. "Good God, Donald! what do ye there with the gentleman, when your laddie is by this time half way into the river?" It was but too true: a brook, dreadfully swollen, ran down the street into the larger stream, and the child, unobserved, had dropt into it. From the height of the banks it was impossible to seize it, and it was now fast hurrying to a part, which was covered for the convenience of the road which passed that way, immediately above their junction. Relief was at this spot impossible, and all turned to the roaring pool below, where it was frightful to look at its violence and its agitation, whirling and eddying round the sides, and its dark, profound stillness in other places was not less horrid. The poor father, who at first was incapable of reflection, had been directed by some of his cooler friends to fetch his *leister* (fish-

* A phrase familiar in Scotland.

spear,) and just at the moment when the child rushed with dreadful violence from the covered way already mentioned, and was about to be forced by the eddy into the centre of the river, where all assistance would have been unavailing, he seized him with his weapon, fastening it in his clothes, and had the unutterable pleasure of saving his own son, which, I believe, almost repaid him for the moments of torture to which he had been subjected. This event disturbed the quiet of the *clachan* for that evening. Donald was raised to consequence by his threatened misfortune; and in a land where whiskey and kindness flow in the same channel, enough of both was poured out to *overset* a better regulated head than that of my village crony. Not a victor at the Games was ever greeted with more welcome than Donald, on his returning from the side of the river with his son in his arms; not a window did he pass at which loud tapping was not heard, inviting him to come in and shew his *cal-lant* to the impatient inmates, who stood ready with their bottle to eke out the full tide of their congratulation. It was an evening of revelling: there was less merriment and frolic than a wedding or a christening would have licensed, but I believe fully as much drinking, for the occurrence of the morning had given a tinge of gravity to their meeting, which on that account, perhaps, seemed to authorise deeper libations to dispel it. The next morning ushered in a day's sport, which might form the chronicle of a cockney sportsman's recollection for a whole life time.

The Sketch Book.

No. XX.

TO-DAY.

TO-DAY is like a child's pocket money, which he never thinks of keeping in his pocket. Considering it bestowed upon us for the sole purpose of being expended as fast as possible in dainties, toys, and nicknacks, we should reproach ourselves for meanness of spirit were we to hoard it up, or appropriate it to any object of serious utility. It is the only part of life of which we are sure; yet we treat it as if it were the sole portion of existence beyond our control. We make sage reflections upon the past, and wise resolutions for the future, but no one ever forms an important determination for to-day. Whatever is urgent must be reserved for to-morrow; the present hour is a digression, an episode that belongs not to the main

business of life; we may cut it out altogether, and the plot will not be the less complete. In spite, however, of its being a truism, it must be admitted that to-day is a portion of our existence. Granted, exclaims the idler, but, after all, what is a single day?—A question which is peculiarly repeated three hundred and sixty-five times in a year, when we commence a new score of similar interrogatories; so that we might as well say at once, "What is a single life?" Short as the interval might be, and however indolently we may have passed it, to-day has not been altogether unimportant. Perched upon our goodly vehicle, the earth, we have swung through space at a tolerably brisk rate in the performance of our annual rotation round the sun; so many miles of life's journey have, at all events, brought us so much nearer to its end; they are struck off from our account; we shall never travel over them again. With every tick of our watch in that brief space of time, some hundreds or thousands have started from the great antenatal infinite to light and life; while as many have returned into the darkness of the invisible world. And we ourselves, though we sometimes exclaim, like the Emperor Titus, that we have lost a day, may be well assured that to-day has not lost sight of us. The footsteps of Time may not be heard when he treads upon roses, but his progress is not the less certain; we need not shake the hour-glass to make the sands of life flow faster! they keep perpetually diminishing; night and day, asleep or awake, grain by grain, our existence dribbles away. We call those happy moments when Time flies most rapidly, forgetting that he is the only winged personage that cannot fly backwards, and that his speed is but hurrying us to the grave.

Those individuals who seek happiness will withdraw themselves from this whirl and vortex of excitement. They will not aggravate the diseased enlargement of the public heart, and share the painful intensity of its pulsations, by residing in the capital. There is no holy calm, no sabbath of the soul, no cessation of strife, in that vast arena of the passions, where life is a ceaseless struggle of money-getting and money-spending; a contest of avarice and luxury; a delirium of the senses or of the mind. If we desire peace and repose, let us look out upon the variegated earth, ever new and beautiful—upon the azure doom of Heaven, hung around with painted clouds—upon the wide waters, dancing and glittering in the sun, or lying in the stillness of their crystal sleep. Let us listen to the music of the sky, when the boughs are singing to the wind, and the

birds are serenading one another ; or surrender ourselves to that more pleasing sensation, when the serenity of Nature's silence imparts a congenial balm and tranquillity to the heart. Gazing on the face of Nature, we shall encounter no human passions—no distrust—no jealousy—no intermission of friendship or attraction ; even her frowns are beautiful, and we need not fear that death shall tear her from us. We look upon an immortal countenance. A morning thus dedicated is an act of the purest piety ; it is offering to the Deity a heart made happy by the contemplation of his works ; and if I can prevail upon a single reader to detach himself for a time from crowds and enthrallments, and betake himself to the sunny meadows or the green twilight of the woods, I shall felicitate myself on not having quite unprofitably employed the morning of—"To-day."

Scientific Amusements.

No. V.

LIGHTNING—AURORA BO- REALIS.

PARTIAL flashes of lightning, aurora borealis, &c. are to be beautifully imitated by taking, in a spoon, about a drachm of the powder or seeds of *liquipodium*, and throwing it against a candle, all other light being excluded. Powdered resin is equally fit for the purpose, but from its adhesive quality sticks to the hand, or any thing on which it may fall. A very entertaining sort of corruscation of light is obtained by the use of phosphorised lime. When a small quantity (twenty or thirty grains) is thrown into a glass of water, bubbles of gas are successively extracted from it, which, rising to the surface of the water, are inflamed in coming in contact with the air of the atmosphere, producing a flash of bright light ; and as a succession of such bubbles is produced during a considerable time, a repetition of the flashes will continue for a quarter of an hour. In this experiment, the gas which is extracted from the preparation is a phosphorised hydrogen ; and it is a property of this kind of gas to take fire the moment it comes in contact with the common or respirable air. As this gas has a disagreeable smell, it will be proper to place the glass either under a chimney or on the outside of a window, close to the sash. If a piece of thick brown paper be well rubbed in a dark room, the paper thus excited will dart flashes of electric light to the fingers, to a key, or to any other conductor of electricity that may be presented to it ; but the paper must be thoroughly dry and warm. Wilson, in his

experiments on phosphori, discovered that oyster shells thrown into a common fire, and calcined for about half an hour, and then brought to a person who had been previously some minutes in a dark room, many of them exhibit beautiful specimens of prismatic colours. Hence, Mr. W. contends, that these kinds of phosphori do not excite the light they had previously received, but that they are set on fire by the sun's rays, and continue for some time a slow combustion after they are withdrawn from the light.

Hull, May, 1824.

T. A. C.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

POMPEII.

ALL the world knows the story of Pompeii ; that it was a little Greek town of tolerable commerce in its early day ; that the sea, which once washed its walls, subsequently left it in the midst of one of these delicious plains made by nature for the dissolution of all industry in the Italian dweller, and for the common places of poetry in all the northern abusers of the pen ; that it was ravaged by every barbarian, who in turn was called a conqueror on the Italian soil, and was successively the pillage of Carthaginian and of Roman ; until at last the Augustan age saw its little circuit quieted into the centre of a colony, and man, finding nothing more to rob, attempted to rob no more.

When man had ceased his molestation, nature commenced hers ; and this unfortunate little city was, by a curious fate, to be at once extinguished and preserved, to perish from the face of the Roman empire, and to live when Rome was a nest of monks and mummery, and her empire torn into fragments for Turk, Russian, Austrian, Prussian, and the whole host of barbarian names that were once as the dust of her feet. In the year of the Christian era 63, an earthquake shewed the city on what tenure her lease was held. Whole streets were thrown down, and the evidences of hasty repairs are still to be detected.

From this period, occasional warnings were given in slight shocks ; until, in the year 79, Vesuvius poured out all his old accumulation of terrors at once, and on the clearing away of the cloud of fire and ashes which covered Campania for four days, Pompeii, with all its multitude, was gone. The Romans seem to have been as fond of villas as if every soul of them had made fortunes in Cheapside, and the whole southern coast was covered with

the summer palaces of those lords of the world. Vesuvius is now a formidable foundation for a house whose inhabitants may not wish to be sucked into a furnace ten thousand fathoms deep; or roasted *sub aere aperto*; but it was then asleep, and had never flung up spark or stone from time immemorial. To those who look upon it now in its terrors, grim, blasted, and lifting up its sooty forehead among the piles of perpetual smoke that are to be enlightened only by its bursts of fire, the very throne of Pluto and Vulcan together, no force of fancy may picture what it was when the Roman built his palaces and pavilions on its side. A pyramid of three thousand feet high, painted over with garden, forest, vineyard, and orchard, ripening under the southern sun, zoned with colonades, and turrets, and golden roofs, and marble porticos, with the eternal azure of the Campanian sky for its canopy, and the Mediterranean at its feet, glittering in the colours of sunrise, noon, and evening, like an infinite Turkey carpet let down from the steps of a throne,—all this was turned into cinders, lava, and hot-water, on (if we can trust to chronology) the 1st day of November, anno Domini 79, in the first year of the emperor Titus. The whole story is told in the younger Pliny's letters; or, if the illustration of one who thought himself born for a describer, *Dio Cassius*, be sought, it will be found that this eruption was worthy of the work it had to do, and was a handsome recompense for the long slumber of the volcano. The Continent, throughout its whole southern range, probably felt this vigorous awakening. Rome was covered with the ashes, of which Northern Africa, Egypt, and Asia Minor, had their share; the sun was turned into blood and darkness, and the people thought that the destruction of the world was come.

At the close of the eruption, Vesuvius stood forth the naked giant that he is at this hour—the palaces and the gardens were all dust and air—the sky was stained with that cloud which still sits like a crown of wrath upon his brow—the plain at his foot, where Herculaneum and Pompeii spread their circuses and temples, like children's toys, was covered over with sand, charcoal, and smoke; and the whole was left for a mighty moral against the danger of trusting to the sleep of a volcano.

All was then at an end with the cities below; the population were burnt, and had no more need of houses. The Roman nobles had no passion for combustion, and kept aloof; the winds and rain, robbers, and the *malvra*, were the sole tenants of the land; and in this way rolled

fifteen hundred years over the bones of the vintners, sailors, and snug citizens of the Vesuvian cities. But their time was to come; and their beds were to be perforated by French and Neapolitan pick-axes, and to be visited by English feet, and sketched and written about, and lithographed, till all the world wished that they had never been disturbed. The first discoveries were accidental, for no Neapolitan ever struck a spade into the ground that he could help, nor harboured a voluntary idea but of macaroni, intrigue, monkery, or the gaming-table. The spade struck upon a key, which, of course, belonged to a door, the door had an inscription, and the names of the buried cities were brought to light, to the boundless perplexity of the learned, the merciless curiosity of the blue-stockings of the 17th century, and all others to come; and the thankless, reckless, and ridiculous profit of that whole race of racealls, the guides, cicerones, abbés, and antiquarians.

But Italian vigour is of all things the most easily exhausted, where it has not the lash or the bribe to feed its waste, and the cities slumbered for twenty years more, till, in 1711, a duke, who was digging for marbles to urn into mortar, found a *Hercules*, and a whole heap of fractured beauties, a row of Greek columns, and a little temple. Again, the cities slumbered, till, in 1738, a king of Naples, on whom light may the earth rest, commenced digging, and streets, temples, theatres opened out to the sun, to be at rest no more.

So few details of the original catastrophe are to be found in historians, that we can scarcely estimate the actual human suffering, which is, after all, almost the only thing to be considered as a misfortune. It is probable that the population of, at least, Pompeii had time to make their escape. A pedlar's pack would contain all the valuables left in Pompeii; and the people who had time thus to clear their premises, must have been singularly fond of hazard if they staid lingering within the reach of the eruption. But some melancholy evidences remain that all were not so successful. In one of the last excavations made by the French, four female skeletons were found lying together, with their ornaments, bracelets, and rings, and with their little hoard of coins in gold and silver. They had probably been suffocated by the sulphureous vapour. In a wine-cellar, known by its jars ranged round the wall, a male skeleton, supposed to be that of the master, by his seal-ring, was found as if he had perished in the attempt at forcing the door. In another, a male skeleton was found with

an axe in his hand, beside a door which he was breaking open. In a prison, the skeletons of men chained to the wall were found. If it were not like affection to regret agony that has passed away so long, it might be conceived as a palliation of that agony, that it was probably the work of a moment, that the vapour of the eruption extinguished life at once, and that these unfortunates perished, not because they were left behind in the general flight, but were left behind because they had perished.

A large portion of Pompeii is now uncovered. This was an easy operation, for its covering was ashes, themselves covered by vegetable soil, and that again covered by verdure and vineyards. Herculaneum reserves its development for another generation; its colour is *lava*, solid as rock; and that again covered with two villages and a royal palace; and the whole under the protection of a still surer guard, Neapolitan stupidity, poverty, and indolence. The Panorama gives a striking *coup-d'œil* of one of the two great excavations of Pompeii. The forum, the narrow streets, the little Greek houses, with their remnants of ornamental painting, their corridors and their tessellated floors, are seen, as they might have been seen the day before the eruption. The surrounding landscape has the grandeur that the eye looks for in a volcanic country. Wild hills, fragments of old lavas, richly broken shores, and in the centre the most picturesque and sublime of all volcanoes, Vesuvius, throwing up its eternal volumes of smoke to the heavens.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

STANZAS TO PUNCHINELLO.

Thou *lignum vite* Roscius, who
Dost the old vagrant stage renew,
Peerless, imitable Punchinello!
The Queen of smiles is quite outdone
By thee, all-glorious king of fun,
Thou grinning, giggling, laugh-extorting
fellow!
At other times mine ear is wrung,
Whene'er I hear the trumpet's tongue,
Waking associations melancholic;
But that which heralds thee recalls
All childhood's joys and festivals,
And makes the heart rebound with freak and
frolic.
Ere of thy face I get a snatch,
O, with what boyish glee I catch
Thy twittering, cackling, bubbling, squeaking
glibber—
Sweeter than syren voices—fraught
With richer merriment than aught
That drops from winking mouths, though
after'd glibber!
What wag was ever known before
To keep the circle in a roar,
Nor wound the feelings of a single hearer?
Engrossing all the jibes and jokes,
Unscathed by the droller folks,
A harmless wit—an unalloyed jeerer.

The upturn'd eyes I love to trace
Of wondering mortals, when their face
Is all alight with an expectant gladness;
To mark the flickering giggle first,
The growing grin—the sudden burst,
And universal shout of merry madness.

I love those sounds to analyse,
From childhood's shrill, ecstatic cries,
To age's chuckle with its coughing after;
To see the grave and the genteel
Rein in awhile the mirth they feel,
Then loose their muscles, and let out the
laughter.

Sometimes I note a hen-peck'd wight,
Enjoying thy martial might,
To him a beatific *deus idem*;
He counts each crack on Judy's pate,
Then homeward creeps to cogitate
The difference 'twixt dramatic wives and real.

But, Punch, thou'rt angallant and rude
In plying thy persuasive wood;
Remember that thy cudgel's girth is fuller
Than that compassionate, thumb-thick,
Establish'd wife-compelling stick,
Made legal by the *dictum* of Judge Buller.

When the officious doctor hies
To cure thy spouse, there's no surprise
Thou should'st receive him with nose-tweak-
ing grappling;
Nor can we wonder that the mob
Escorts each crack upon his nob,
When thou art feeling him with oaken sapling.

As for our common enemy
Old Nick, we all rejoice to see
The *coup de grace* that allenges his wrangle;
But, lo, Jack Ketch!—ah, wretched day!
Dramatic justice claims its prey,
And thou in hempen handkerchief must
dangle.

Now, helpless hang those arms which once
Rattled such music on the scenes;
Hush'd is that tongue which late out-jested
Yorick;
That hunch behind is shrugg'd no more,
No longer heaves that paunch before,
Which swagg'd with such a pleasantry
plethorick.

But Thespian deaths are transient woes,
And still less durable are those
Suffer'd by *lignum vite* malefactors;
Thou wilt return, alert, alive,
And long, oh, long may'st thou survive,
First of head-breaking and side-splitting
actors! H.

New Monthly Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF LISBON.

(Concluded from page 223.)

MENDICANCY is an interesting ex-
cessence on the face of every civilized society;
the systematic conduct of it in Lisbon, but
renders it there more than usually amusing.
We have two sets of beggars regularly in
action—the day collectors, and those of
evening; who have their exclusive hours
for operation; their exclusive modes of
obtaining charity; and who never, I be-
lieve, infringe upon the rights or copy-
holds of each other. The beggars of the
day are the old monsters—like those of
England or Ireland. Men or women, in-
discriminately, working upon the ruder
principles of the science—that is, taking
care to be clamorous enough in their out-

cry, and sufficiently filthy in their aspect; by which means they ensure a livelihood if they are moderately offensive, with the chance of a fortune where they are so lucky as to be unbearable. But the adventures of evening consist entirely of females. Blind women, generally young, but always perfectly neat and clean, (loss of sight being an infirmity, from whatever cause, very common in this country,) and children from about four to eight years of age, picked out for this calling according to the degree of their personal beauty, and dressed to the greatest possible advantage, without any show of poverty at all. These night practitioners start altogether upon later lights than those of day,—to interest (a laudable improvement,) instead of disgusting you out of your money. The blind women are commonly led about by some female of creditable appearance; one sister very frequently, in this way, accompanying another. Many of them are handsome, and these, I suspect, do well. A man can hardly see a fine girl, of nineteen or twenty years of age, with all circumstances of beauty and desirableness about her, completely destroyed by such a visitation as blindness, without feeling disposed to do something in her favour. As for the little girls of five years old (with their red shoes and broad sashes), they are not the children, I understand, of persons immediately in distress; but the lower orders, very constantly, where they have an interesting child, are content to make a living by this disgraceful exhibition of her. This is very disgusting, but it succeeds wonderfully; and, *critically* speaking, it ought to do so. Girls, upon every principle of mendicancy, should make incomparably better beggars (for instance) than old men. I have been conquered myself, in London, a hundred times, by the sight of half-starved twins, though I knew perfectly they were none of the woman's that carried them; and have given a shilling to a match-girl of fourteen,—cant, and rage, and dirt, and all,—when I should certainly have cried upon the bundle, if I had been waylaid by her great-grandmother.

This is not a season (1809) for amusements to flourish in Lisbon. There are no bull-fights now—in token of the national sorrow; nor any burning of heretics. Missing the first sight (except for once) does not vehemently distress me. I hate animal combats; and, still more, sports in which animals are tormented by men. Burney, in his "Musical Tour," (Germany, 1772,) gives a whimsical account, I recollect (from the "bill") of an exhibition of this kind at Vienna. After

enumerating a number of combats between different ferocious animals—first, a wild boar to be baited—next, a great bear to be torn by dogs—then, another bear to be baited by very hungry dogs defended by iron armour—he concludes with, "lastly, a ferocious and hungry bear, which has had no food for eight days, (or words to that effect,) will attack a wild bull, and eat him alive upon the spot; and if he should be unable to complete the business, a wolf will be ready to help him!" This is not so offensive to me as our fights between domestic animals—taking the dog from under our chair, and compelling him to be worried till he dies;—but I will no more endure such an exhibition even as this, or allow it to be justified (the state apology) by a *tu quoque* reference to the sports of the chase, than I will allow the sabring an enemy in a charge, or in the heat of fresh pursuit, to justify the cutting prisoners' throats, or torturing them to death after the heat of the battle is over. Indeed, among a tolerable variety of brutal entertainments, which, thank God, are something upon the wane in England; and which (what is worse) are all made the subjects of wager too, and so carried to the extreme of cruelty by the spirit of gain, the only excuse I could ever find for our famous sport of prize-fighting was—not the courage which it demands—for the bull-fighter displays as much—but that the combatants certainly act advisedly (if not under duress) for the sake of a pecuniary recompense; add to which, in whatever way the contest may eventually terminate, the probability is, that two rascals get each of them a sound beating.

Diversions of an expensive cast, however, (I speak with reference to the Italian Opera,) can never be very successful here, for the multitude have not means to support them. If the people are not poor, looking at the extent of their own wishes, they are very poor, according to the estimate, and perceptions, of an Englishman. The mere climate of Portugal makes a man's wants one-half less than they are in Holland or in Germany; and the arrangements of society make his artificial necessities very few, as compared with what they are with us. Your English travel-writer cries "out" on these poor knaves for pride and indolence, because they will not labour for those luxuries which he (the greedy rogue!) finds indispensable; but, in truth, a man here may be rich with a very little. It is not necessary that he should have five hundred a-year to be received into society, and treated as a gentleman. The whole course of his habits and pleasures—

politically, it would be better if the thing were otherwise, but certainly not better as regards the present comfort of individuals,—the whole scale of his habits and pleasures is less costly than among us. A man considers, here, not how much he can earn, but how little he can live upon. And what is the feeling that actuates our Saint-Monday-keeping artisan? only that he does not chuse (the Englishman) to live upon so little.

Take it as you will, it amounts only to a different extent of desire? Your loiterer of Lisbon loves to sit in the sunshine; your English loiterer loves to sit in the public-house. The pleasure of the first is to be idle; the pleasure of the last is to be drunk. This very propensity to expensive enjoyments (by the exertion which becomes necessary to gratify it) tends mainly, I believe, to keep up that energy, which is the distinguishing characteristic of the lower English, as the absence, generally, of desires, which cost much labour or peril to content them, sinks the people here into habits of imbecility, apathy, and indifference. *J'enrage*, however, notwithstanding that their prodigality will point no way but to the gin shop. That weddings or funerals—holidays or facts—all occasions of joy or sorrow—of triumph or lament—can serve as no other than so many pretences for the discussion of given quantities of strong liquor. A writer, I recollect, of the day of Charles II. treating of the English (he was himself a German) as the “soakers” of Europe, declares, that they have even a song which accounts a drunkard to be as great as a king. And, afterwards, to prove the satisfaction which prevailed in England on account of Charles's return, he notices that, in the first five years after the Restoration, thirty-one new tavern and ale-house licenses were granted! and that six hundred thousand barrels of ale were brewed in that five years, and consumed, more than had been disposed of in the five years preceding.

REMARKS ON BEAUTY AND ON DRESS.

BEAUTY has been with very pleasing similitude called ‘a flower that fades and dies almost in the very moment of its maturity;’ but there is a kind of beauty which escapes the general mortality, and lives to old age, a beauty that is not in the features, but that shines through them. It is not merely corporeal or the object of mere sense, and is not easily discovered, except by persons of true taste and sentiment. There are strokes of sensibility and touches of delicacy, which,

like the master-traits in a fine picture, are not to be discerned by vulgar eyes, that only are captivated with vivid colours and gaudy decorations. These are emanations of the mind which, like the vital spark of celestial fire, animate the form of beauty with a living soul. Without this, the most perfect symmetry in the bloom of youth only reminds us of a ‘kneaded clod;’ and with this, the features, that time itself has defaced, have a spirit, a sensibility, and a charm, which those only do not admire who want faculties to perceive.

By dress, beauty is adorned, and a want of that attraction is rendered less unpleasing. The rules of dress have been, not inaptly, compared to those of composition. It must be properly adapted to the person, as, in writing the style must be suited to the subject. A woman of quality should not appear in *doggrel*, nor a farmer's wife in *heroics*. The dress of a *handsome* female should be *epic*; modest, noble, and free from tinsel and all the luxuriations of fancy. To the *pretty* woman greater license may be allowed; she may dress up to the flights and fancies of the *sonnet* and the *madrigal*. One whose face is neutral, and whose personal charms reach no higher than *gentle*, should be *epigrammatic* in her dress,—neat, clever, and unadorned; the whole merit and attraction lying in the sting. But the *ugly* woman should by all means restrict her dress to plain *humble prose*; any attempt beyond that is *mock heroic*, and can only excite ridicule.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

THE GRAND SIGNIOR.

“I WAS present at the hour that the Grand Signior, named Mahomet, landed at Scutari, on the opposite side of the Bosphorus from Constantinople, to proceed to Mosque, which he is legally bound to do every Friday, and in order, it is said, that his subjects may have ocular demonstration that he is in existence. On this occasion he was seated in a superb state barge of great length, having the figure of a golden cock at the stern, and a seat encircled with a railing of solid silver, followed by other barges, in which were his ministers, treasurer, chamberlain, master of the house, officers, janissaries, and a train of servants. On landing, the Grand Signior and his officers mounted horses gorgeously capari-

soned, and proceeded at a slow pace, followed by a train of black eunuchs, guards, and domestic attendants, all most superbly arrayed. The sumptuous dress, particularly the turban of the Grand Signior, surmounted by an aigrette, sparkled in the sun with an extraordinary degree of brilliancy and splendour, and the animal on which he was seated, a high-spirited Arabian, was covered with embroidery, supported on each side by chamberlains, decorated with enormous high plumes on their caps. Notwithstanding the immense crowd of Mahometans assembled at this time, who appear always delighted to view their ruler, and the shouts and noise necessarily occasioned, yet a dead silence reigned throughout at the moment the Grand Signior passed along, who preserved a proud, erect, and steady attitude, casting his eyes to and fro, an act presumed to be a distinguished mark of condescension towards his subjects. This man appeared to be about thirty-five years of age, who was of a sallow complexion, contrasted by a long beard dyed a black colour, and exhibited a striking gravity combined with the greatest *hauteur*. Notwithstanding his superior elevation in point of rank and consequence, it is a remarkable fact, that a restriction, in consequence of some particular law, is exclusively laid upon him as to the smoking of tobacco and taking snuff, one reason assigned for it is that the head of a personage in his elevated situation should always be kept in a perfectly clear and distinct state. These are luxuries, however, in the country which the most wretched infidel is permitted to enjoy."

Travels of Wm. Rae Wilson, Esq.

AUNT MARTHA.

ONE of the pleasantest habitations I have ever known is an old white house, built at right angles, with the pointed roofs and clustered chimneys of Elizabeth's day, covered with roses, vines, and passion-flowers, and parted by a green sloping meadow from a straggling, picturesque, village street. In this charming abode resides a more charming family: a gentleman,—

"Polite as all his life in courts had been,
And good as he the world had never seen,"

two daughters full of sweetness and talent; and aunt Martha—the most delightful of old maids! She has another appellation, I suppose,—she must have one;—but I scarcely know it: aunt Martha is the name that belongs to her—the name of affection. Such is the universal feeling which she inspires, that all

her friends, all her acquaintances, (in this case the terms are almost synonymous,) speak of her like her own family:—she is every body's aunt Martha—and a very charming aunt Martha she is.

First of all, she is, as all women should be if they can, remarkably handsome. She may be—it is a delicate matter to speak of a lady's age!—she must be five-and-forty; but few beauties of twenty could stand a comparison with her loveliness. It is such a fulness of bloom, so luxuriant, so satiating; just tall enough to carry off the plumpness which at forty-five is so becoming; a brilliant complexion; curled, pouting lips; long, clear, bright grey eyes—the colour for expression, that which unites the quickness of the black with the softness of the blue; a Roman regularity of feature; and a profusion of rich brown hair.—Such is aunt Martha. Add to this a very gentle and pleasant speech,—always kind, and generally lively; the sweetest temper; the easiest manners; a singular rectitude and singleness of mind; a perfect open-heartedness; and a total unconsciousness of all these charms; and you will wonder a little that she is aunt Martha still. I have heard hints of an early engagement broken by the fickleness of man;—and there is about her an aversion to love in one particular direction—the love matrimonial—and an overflowing of affection in all other channels, that seems as if the natural course of the stream had been violently dammed up. She has many lovers—admirers I should say—for there is, amidst her good-humoured gaiety, a coyness that forbids their going farther; a modesty almost amounting to shyness, that checks even the laughing girls, who sometimes accuse her of stealing away their beaux. I do not think any man on earth would tempt her into wedlock;—it would be a most unpardonable monopoly if any one should; an intolerable engrossing of a general blessing; a theft from the whole community.

Her usual home is the white house covered with roses; and her station in the family is rather doubtful. She is not the mistress, for her charming nieces are old enough to take and to adorn the head of the table; nor the housekeeper, though, as she is the only lady of the establishment who wears pockets, those emblems of authority, the keys will sometimes be found, with other strays, in that goodly receptacle; nor a guest, her spirit is too active for that lazy post; her real vocation there, and every where, seems to be comforting, cheering, welcoming, and spoiling every thing that comes in her

way; and, above all, nursing and taking care. Of all kind employments, these are her favourites. Oh, the shawlings, the cloakings, the cloggings! the cautions against cold, or heat, or rain, or sun! the remedies for diseases not arrived! colds uncaught! incipient tooth-aches! rheumatisms to come! She loves nursing so well, that we used to accuse her of inventing maladies for other people, that she might have the pleasure of curing them; and when they really come—as come they will sometimes in spite of aunt Martha—what a nurse she is! It is worth while to be a little sick to be so attended. All the cousins' cousins of her connexion, as regularly send for her on the occasion of a lying-in, as for the midwife. I suppose she has undergone the ceremony of dandling the baby, sitting up with the new mamma, and dispensing the candle, twenty times at least. She is equally important at weddings or funerals. Her humanity is inexhaustible. She has an intense feeling of fellowship with her kind; and grieves or rejoices in the suffering or happiness of others with a reality as genuine as it is rare.

Her accomplishments are exactly of this sympathetic order; all calculated to administer much to the pleasure of her companions, and nothing to her own importance or vanity. She leaves to the syrens, her nieces, the higher enchantments of the piano, the harp, and the guitar, and that noblest of instruments, the human voice; ambitious of no other musical fame than such as belongs to the playing of quadrilles and waltzes for their little dances, in which she is indefatigable: she neither caricatures the face of man nor of nature under pretence of drawing figures or landscapes; but she ornaments the reticules, bell-ropes, ottomans, and chair-covers of all her acquaintance, with flowers as rich and luxurious as her own beauty. She draws patterns for the ignorant, and works bonnces, frills, and baby-linen, for the idle; she reads aloud to the sick, plays at cards with the old, and loses at chess to the unhappy. Her gift in gossiping, too, is extraordinary; she is a gentle news-monger, and turns her scandal on the sunny side. But she is an old maid still; and certain small peculiarities hang about her. She is a thorough hoarder: whatever fashion comes up, she is sure to have something of the sort by her—or, at least, something thereunto convertible. She is a little superstitious; sees strangers in her tea-cup, gifts in her finger-rings, letters and winding-sheets in the candle, and pines and coffins in the fire; would not spill the salt "for

all the worlds that one ever has to give;" and looks with dismay on a crossed knife and fork. Moreover, she is orderly to fidgetiness;—that is her greatest calamity!—for young ladies now-a-days are not quite so tidy as they should be,—and ladies' maids are much worse; and drawers are tumbled, and drawing-rooms in a litter. Happy she to whom a disarranged drawer can be a misery! dear and happy aunt Martha!—*Mrs. Mitford's Village Sketches.*

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*W. Watson.*

THE KING.

(For the Mirror.)

THE practice of marrying by a ring for the female, was adopted from the Romans: the bride was formerly veiled, and after receiving the usual benediction, was crowned with flowers. During the time of our commonwealth, it was customary for the human of marriage to be proclaimed on three successive days in Newgate-Market, and afterwards the parties were married at the church of the register steeple, that they were married at the place of meeting called the church.

T. A. C.

EPIGRAM.

On a Sailor, who was thrown on the neck of his horse.

SPECTATOR, cease your cruel glee,
From taunting jests refrain,
Sure, 'tis no wondrous thing to see
A Sailor on the mane!

TIMOTHY QUAIN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Correspondent, on whose correctness we place great reliance, assures us, that Lord Byron was born in Holles Street, Cavendish Square. Dr. Syntax is requested to call at our office for a letter.

We thank Julian, but the extensive sale of the *Mimes* precludes the possibility of doing so. The Dissipated Hackney displays good feeling, but nothing more.

A youth of eleven years of age can be no judge of female charms, and therefore should not attempt to describe them.

Byron's Riddle is too well known. We thank George Bland, and shall be happy to hear from him.

The article alluded to by E. D. has appeared in the "Cabinet of Curiosities."

A Constant Reader wishes to know where he can obtain an Account of the Ancestors of Sir John Hawkins the great Admiral.

Communications from T. E. G. Vinyan, W. E. W., H. L., (from whom we shall be happy to hear), and Francisco, are intended for early insertion.

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